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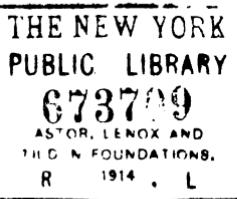
No sound is dissonant which tells of life—COLERIDGE

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MY
FATHER,
GEORGE HEBERTON,
WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO
ENCOURAGING FRIENDS

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P R E F A C E.

IN PRESENTING this little book of Poems to the public the writer realizes that for its success, it be founded on the principles of truth, to assure its power of giving pleasure.

It is evident that for many years the people of the United States of America have been so absorbed in commercial pursuits and the contemplation of the beauties of the flash of the sword of battle, that they have not properly valued the charms of poesy or the beauties of art. Food for the heart and brain and appreciation of the lovely gifts of Nature in adding to the pleasures of the human heart the most valuable conceptions of the brain, have been seemingly a lost and feeble emolument to them — not worthy of care. The flowers strewn along our path should not be allowed to wither and die ; but let us gather the fragrance as we pass and absorb their sweetness as dewdrops on the lyric blossoms, purity and love. They are the faint touch of God's hand as He blesses our way through the journey of life.

Poetry and art are ennobling to the soul of man, and should have a place in the deepest recesses of the

heart. This truth will not be denied by any one who gives them careful study and contemplation.

There are a great number of ancient poems, but the difference in the dialect at the time they were written, and that and the language of the present day even in the country in which they were written, and their dialect of the present day, renders these poems almost valueless to the people. Even the old English has changed, until some of their great poems are scarcely, if ever, read at the present time. Milder and more competent judges have set no bar to the poetry of the present day in America, England or the Latin countries. More than twenty-five hundred years have rolled their ample rounds since that gentle woman poured out, like the song bird, her immortal song on the little island of Lesbos, in the ~~E~~gean Sea; and yet how few remember even the name of her husband or daughter. Still, in what nation or country has the name of Sappho been forgotten. She is still the Grecian poet, who has left a name immortal.

When the people of our country give reasonable support to the writers and publishers of books of poetry, there will be abundance of talent in that line displayed in America to satisfy the world that America has plenty of poetic genius to fully cope with the age.

ALSON L. BAILEY.

*Washington, D. C.,
October 20th, 1900.*

CONTENTS

<i>A Farewell</i>	26
<i>A Glance</i>	105
<i>A Lost Ideal</i>	88
<i>A Prayer</i>	74
<i>A Rift</i>	27
<i>A Scar</i>	80
<i>A Shield</i>	108
<i>A Strawberry Wise</i>	70
<i>A Tender Hand</i>	100
<i>A Year Ago</i>	60
<i>A Zephyr</i>	30
<i>Adieu, Last Star</i>	106
<i>Age's Snow</i>	96
<i>An Angel Voice</i>	31
<i>An Answer to "Parting"</i>	84
<i>April Days</i>	87
<i>Art Subjugated</i>	75
<i>At Set of Sun</i>	25
<i>At Seven</i>	55
<i>Baby Boy</i>	29
<i>Beyond Our Ken</i>	26
<i>Charm</i>	71

<i>Chords</i>	34
<i>Clouds</i>	62
<i>Companionship</i>	90
<i>Confidences</i>	77
<i>Daffodil</i>	89
<i>Discontent</i>	67
<i>Disillusioned</i>	98
<i>Dreams</i>	90
<i>Echoes</i>	102
<i>Edna</i>	86
<i>Eleanore</i>	11
<i>Fame</i>	58
<i>Florence</i>	54
<i>Friendship</i>	63
<i>Greetings</i>	30
<i>Guitar Song</i>	82
<i>Hadst Thou Been There</i>	66
<i>His Meaning</i>	65
<i>Human Nature</i>	82
<i>Impromptu</i>	58
<i>Inspiration</i>	72
<i>In Solitude</i>	95
<i>Jack's Wife</i>	103
<i>Janice</i>	62
<i>Joy</i>	34
<i>Leona</i>	32
<i>Lily Bell Chimes</i>	86
<i>Lines</i>	91
<i>Love's Awakening</i>	25

<i>Love Blossoms</i>	33
<i>Lullaby</i>	68
<i>Memory's Sea</i>	88
<i>Moonlight Musings</i>	76
<i>Mrs. Brownie</i>	61
<i>My Sweet</i>	91
<i>My Sweetheart</i>	79
<i>None But the Birds</i>	78
<i>Not Forgotten</i>	92
"Now the Day is Over"	56
<i>O Follow Me</i>	55
<i>One Grief</i>	59
<i>One Nook</i>	97
<i>Our Tree</i>	85
<i>Overlooked</i>	107
<i>Pure Joy</i>	63
<i>Relinquished</i>	69
<i>Repose</i>	29
<i>Resignation</i>	27
<i>Reverie</i>	35
<i>Rhapsody</i>	57
<i>Saucy Red Robin</i>	93
<i>Shall We</i>	109
<i>Some Solace Sweet Creating</i>	80
<i>Spray</i>	70
<i>Tears</i>	61
<i>Tenderness</i>	81
<i>The Daisy Dell</i>	94
<i>The Dying Day</i>	99

<i>The Leaves Turn Red</i>	73
<i>The Legend of Lake Toledo</i>	36
<i>The Mask</i>	101
<i>The Organ's Message</i>	28
<i>The Rolling Sea</i>	74
<i>The Scales of Life</i>	83
<i>The Wild Rose blushes</i>	66
<i>Thy Star a Crown</i>	64
<i>To a Friend</i>	31
<i>To a Friend</i>	110
<i>When Thou Art Near</i>	104



(Reveries)

ELEANORE

PART I

THE ball-room at "Dorne" had been gorgeous that night.

When the guests were all gone and low was the light,—

Where recently brilliant had been the scene,
With rare jewels' brightness and satin's rich sheen,—
A broken ear-ring lay lost on the floor,

And some crushed flower petals anear the door
Were dying and sending their farewell perfume
To their still fresh companions across the room.
Silence reigned. Not e'en the faintest sound
Stirred to break the stillness profound —

But a little while since both song and cheer
Had each in turn filled the large space here.

One singer, a tenor, whose voice held the spell
Of power and beauty; sinking to swell
In the hearts of his hearers, as well as in tone,
Had found in the heart of a maiden his throne.

Now in the dimness, at hour of three,
A foot-step is heard, quick, bold and free,
Through the spacious halls, the owner's tread —
Then his voice : " Ha, Monsieur, I thought you in
bed."

The answer came in a rich, low tone :
" By your kindness, Lord Horton, I room alone,
And disturbed I none, then, by slipping out
To rid me of wakefulness, strolling about."
" Very well, use your pleasure ; good-night tho'.
Lady Horton awaits, I really must go."

The Earl closed his door. Le Tiers moved along,
Entered the ball-room humming a song.
Low was the tone, yet so high was his art
That it pierced the silence — this song of a heart.
Then slowly he lighted a taper he 'd brought,
And sought about wildly, like one distraught,
'Neath potted plants, piano and harp,
'Til with a cry, exultant and sharp,
He saw in the distance the fiery gleam
Of the ruby trinket — in truth 't would seem
A star had dropped at his earnest request,
Or his lonely life been most suddenly blessed.
Then amazement lighted anew his face,
For a foot-step was heard near the silent place,
And there, just standing within the door,
Was the Earl's fairest daughter — Eleanore.
The light from a tiny candle she bore
Made her grave, sweet face seem all the more

Like chiselled marble, pale in the gloom
From the back-ground of darkness outside the room.
She had come to look for the jewel so dear
To her woman's heart ; had heard with fear
The hoarse, sharp cry ; had stood quite still,
Lacking the power to move,— or the will,—
When across the dimness once more she heard
That tenor voice, sweeter than viol or bird.
She put down the candle as one in a trance,
And, with hands clasped together, began to advance
Slowly down the now gleaming floor
Where the light paved a way from the sill of the door.
Like a creature of other than flesh seemed she,
With her glorious hair almost to her knee
And eyes so brilliantly, dazzlingly bright
That they lent her rare beauty a splendor and might.
Le Tiers spoke softly as she drew near :
“ Thy father allowed me to wander in here
Because I was sleepless, my lady so fair.
By my faith, but this taper a'most burned thy hair ! ”
“ Ah, Monsieur has blown out the tiny light ! ”
“ Yes ; to save thy tresses — their radiance bright
Will light up the darkness. Compared to thine eyes,
The candle off yonder is but a surmise
Of brilliancy. Felt thou, then, sleepless too
That thou cam'st to the flowers to hear what to do ?
They have been telling my fortune to me,
And each one has whispered a new thought *of thee.* ”
“ Oh, Monsieur ! I pray thee, cease speaking of me.

When thou dost sing one may listening be,
But words are great monsters, leave them by.
I came to the ball-room that here I might try
To find my sweet ear-ring — the stone is red,
A ruby once owned by my sister, now dead.”
“ Yes ; I saw the fall of the jewel thou ’st lost
And determined to save it at e’en great cost
Of rude misconstruction upon my acts —
But of *good will* my motive nothing lacks.
Thy ear-ring I came to this spot to find,
And meeting thy father, I had it in mind
To tell him to go and secure thy treasure,
But I greatly desired for myself the pleasure
Of holding the truant. Watched I not well
Lady Eleanore’s movements to note when it fell?”
“ A heart full of thanks, Monsieur ; ’t is true
Thou hast done me of services now not a few.
Each song from thy lips has found its way
To my mem’ry of mem’ries — there to stay.
Sing others, ere leaving to-morrow, they ’ll burn
In my mind till my father shall bid thee return.”
Her face was as white as the new-fallen snow
As his eyes met hers when she turned to go.
“ Since thy kindness thou dost graciously show
O’er my songs, they all from my heart shall flow,
Lady Eleanore ; passing my lips always
As songs to thy beauty, songs to thy praise.”
Le Tiers placed the jewel in her dainty hand
And bent low to kiss a broad diamond band

Which encircled one of her fingers fair —
To touch the soft flesh he did not dare.
The thought in his gesture Eleanore felt
As well as his love. Did her clear look melt
In spite of all dignified bearing? She gave
Him a glance that many a gallant would crave.
Then turning, she swept down the ancient halls
Beneath the portraits that lined the walls —
Paintings of earls and lords a score,
And their ladies, ancestors of Eleanore.
In her hand she clasped the crimson stone
So tightly it cut a'most into the bone
Of the self-same hand, where, shining bright,
Was the ring that Monsieur had kissed that night ;
That ring which all in her caste were aware
Meant that she the great name of Furoci would bear
As the bride of the count (ere a year would wane),
Who had from his travels returned again.

PART II

In her chamber above, with dreamy young face,
Sat the Earl's second daughter, the Lady Grace.
A song in her fancy was sung o'er again
Till it filled all her life, as it filled her pure brain.
And now that the voice could softly be heard
Humming below without motif or word,

The air seemed alive with a myriad of tones
That appealed to the heart in rapturous moans.
The gentle maid listened ; a deep, rosy glow
Spreading up to her forehead. Whispered she low
With dimpling smiles, "Can it be true
That he sings 'neath this window, my fancy to sue ?
He has the bearing of princes and earls
And a new panorama of love he unfurls.
With one tone of his voice, one look of his eye —
Yet because he 's a commoner he must pass by.
My father's guests he must well entertain,
Then leave — and mayhap not return again.
Ah, me ! " Then she paused and moved to her door,
For she heard the soft tread of the proud Eleanore,
Who passed on unheeding—nor smiled she nor turned.
So Grace remained silent, tho' greatly concerned
Lest ill had befallen her sister, the queen
Of all women on earth that sweet Grace had e'er seen.
To her, Lady Eleanore's joys, hopes and fears
Were matters of feeling for laughter or tears ;
Not one in the world could more easily trace
Fair Eleanore's thoughts than could sweet Lady
Grace.

The day dawned in splendor of sunshine. The snow
Lay over the ground, and it sparkled so
In response to the warmth of Sol's caress,
Yet remaining too cold for real tenderness.
The house guests assembled for five-o'clock tea ;

All were there present — nay, all but three.
(To use their pleasure throughout the morn
But assemble at five was the house rule at "Dorne.")
Lady Eleanore's absence with Lady Grace
Sent a look of amazement o'er every face,
While in tones decided the Earl's command
Rang out to the butler, "James, this note hand
To Monsieur; my compliments, and request
That he join us here now at my behest."
Some moments later Le Tiers, with a bow,
Entered and said, "Some music is now
At thy command; pardon, I pray,
That packing has kept me so long away.
To-morrow in London the 'Nibelung Ring'
Is commenced, in which I'm obliged to sing,
As thou knowest, Countess. Which shall it be —
The farewell song I shall sing for thee?"
Then flooding the mansion from centre to stone
Rang out each melodious, bell-like tone.
In the midst of the singing, with slow, soft pace,
There entered the room the Lady Grace.
Her face was sad, from her lips was fled
The girlish smile and the blood's young red;
And followed was she by the regal form
Of proud Eleanore — in calm or in storm
Able alike with deportment of ease
To meet each demand on her power to please.
"The harp, with Monsieur's beauteous voice,"
Was the next in the eager company's choice,

And smiled they all when most graciously
Fair Eleanore deigned to agree
The chords to play for Monsieur Le Tiers.
That her heart sang with him, who was aware ?

When in the flow of most marvelous tone
The company was wrapped, there came alone
Into the music-room a guest
All unannounced, as if in quest
Of certain welcome. A joyous smile
Lighted his handsome visage, while
He bowed to his hostess and then in haste
Moved towards Eleanore, not to waste
A moment in staying from by her side —
Two years had he lingered away from his bride.
Slowly she lifted her dream-weaving eyes —
Then clash, made a discord in pained surprise
At the sudden appearance of Count Furoci,
And with her whole being she longed to — be free !
In an instant her glance so strange and set
Changed to a look of soft, friendly regret,
Then playing on with most steady care
She bowed to her lord — and bowed to despair !

The song now ended, greetings ensued,
Despite which honors the Count seemed subdued,
And with an expression earnest and grave
Declined all refreshment, asked nothing save

To beg but a moment alone with the maid
Whose greeting had made him for love feel afraid.
“One second,” she whispered, “wait till I say
Adieu to Monsieur — I so poorly did play
His accompaniment simple. Go thee ahead,
And I then will follow wherever thou treadst.”
She paused near Le Tiers, and, as if in adieu,
Said, “*Delay thy departure an hour or two.*”
He wondered at hearing the gentle request
And consented to do whate’er she thought best.
Then to the garden fair Eleanore turned.
Her soft hand trembled, her proud face burned.
On the pathway was waiting the Lady Grace,
Who, with tearful eyes, searched Eleanore’s face.
“Dearheart,” she cried, “well do I know
Thy love doth not now in the right channel flow.
Unhappy myself, how much more for *thee*
Do my sad tears fall o’er thy misery.”
“Nay, Gracie, thy day for grief is not nigh ;
See, I can smile, so why shouldst thou cry ?”

PART III

Right bravely spake fair Lady Eleanore.
Moving on, she found — in but one moment more —
Herself in the Count’s most loving embrace ;
Then shrank she from him. His noble face

Flushed crimson ; he loosed his trembling hold,
Then said he gently, in voice controlled :
“ May I speak, Eleanore, of the change that took place
In thy sweet expression — at sight of my face ?
’T was as if thou started in fear and in pain,
And I dread that my absence has been some one’s
gain.

If indeed I’m not first, dear one, with thee,
Thou needst ask but once for thy liberty.
Question I not my heart’s fiancée,
Thy bidding is all that I ask thee to-day.”
The Count stood with lofty bearing, tho’ he
Turned to marble-white with intensity ;
While Eleanore realized anew
His grandeur of nature — shared with but few.
Too late, however, this new-born thought —
He had left her alone, her heart untaught.
With another she’d entered love’s sphere, untrod ;
To another she’d turned in the sight of God.
And thus spoke she : “ In truth ’t is meet
That my father’s daughter should be discreet.
I will fairly tell of my feelings for thee,
But will say naught more — tho’ more there be.”
Her sweet voice faltered, but high — instead
Of bending — held she her haughty head ;
Her eyes again filled with that sad regret
As with gentle candor his own they met.
“ Count Furoci, I dreamed not what was meant
When I gave to our troth my girlish consent.

Since then, in thy absence, I 've learned to know
That like one's mind, one's feelings can *grow*.
I owe thee thanks, hold thee truly dear
In friendly regard — but let it be clear
That my love can never be won by thee,
Tho' my promise I 'll keep in all constancy.”
“T is enough,” said the Count, “I leave to-night.
May thy life be filled with peace and delight.”
He quickly bowed and as quickly withdrew,
While Eleanore, moved by instinct true,
Silenced the beating of her heart
And hastened away that she might impart
A warning to Le Tiers — that he take
His departure ere the storm should break.
And so she wrote with a steady hand :
“ Monsieur, I beg thee — nay, I command —
That, for a reason best known to me,
In an hour's time thou afar wilt be.
May heaven's blessings attend thee ever
In all thou achievest in earnest endeavor.”

Scarce had an hour passed ere she
Was sent for to come to the library.
Here stood the Earl with deepening frown ;
His wife, in tears, on the couch lay down.
Her son attended the Countess with care,
But none had a smile for Eleanore fair.
Count Furoci came forward with noble grace,
Saying, “ Pray let me answer all in thy place.”

Then turned he to the enraged Earl
Whose eyes flashed fire o'er lips' proud curl.
"Friend, I beseech thee, end this scene;
Nor blame that something has come between
Our cherished wishes — say me nay
And thou but hasten my steps away."

"Count Furoci," the maiden began — but the Earl
E'en most shouted, "Is this true, girl,
That thou canst thus thy promise break
For some unworthy scoundrel's sake?
Wilt thou the first of thy long line be
To lower our pride of ancestry?
For know I well the name he bears
Who for thy love and favor dares —
A name unheard except in print
Of opera programs, *tinsel's glint!*"
Oh, never could the wrath and scorn
Within his tones be penned — or borne!
Eleanore's strength at last gave way,
Her head fell back, her form's first sway
Was noted by the Count, whose arm
Had caught her ere he gave alarm;
While the weeping countess dried her tears
And worded many tardy fears.

The Count departed. In his stead
There entered now, with manly tread,
Le Tiers. He calmly met the eyes
Of all — now silenced with surprise.
"Monsieur Le Tiers is nowhere here,"

He coldly said, " it would appear.
A tragic moment, Earl, 't is true,
If came *Le Tiers* to say adieu.
In honor of my favorite art,
Music, have I but played a part
Of late in the world's artistic eye.
Enough of that ! Now pass it. I
Am, by right of birth and lineage, last
Marquis of Luon, et Duc d'Gaste.
As suitor for thy daughter's hand
I offer rank and love and land.
My singing, which won sweet Eleanore's love,
However, in value I count far above
My ancestral worth, my mansions complete,
And I lay it, with them, at my fair lady's feet."
The Earl and his son at one another
Gazed, as if they still wondered whether
Le Tiers was raving and they the same.
Then a gentle sigh from Eleanore came.
The Countess — well versed in family lore —
Was astonished and charmed all the more,
For the fact that she knew he spoke the truth.
Here was a tale to tell forsooth.
She had heard of, o'er many a cup of tea,
The hermit Duc of French ancestry
Who never was seen, of whose regal estate
(Sites in three countries) travelers relate ;
And here he was standing, king of romance,
A great name in art — a Marquis in France.

The Countess glanced at the pale Eleanore,
Then arose and crossed the polished floor.
“ Monsieur Le Tiers,—nay, Marquis, Duke,—
We do thee all honor, ourselves rebuke.
Come with me, my husband ; come, my son,
‘T is time our Eleanore’s joy begun.
Duke, I beg, if she answers not nay,
Thou among us feel most welcome to stay.”
The Earl turned slowly and shook his head,
“ ‘T is ever an evil moment,” he said,
“ When a lad forsakes his heraldry
For a thankless world — and celebrity.
But thou to a most illustrious name
Have succeeded in adding both worth and fame.”

So speaking, he softly left the room
Where disaster had threatened to be love’s doom.
And the nobleman bent o’er the blushing girl :
“ Oh, true heart ; oh, brave heart, my senses whirl !
I ’ve finished my life of publicity,
And I dedicate, sweet, the same to thee.
May I claim my noble darling to wife ?
Ah, I see in thy face, thou art mine for life ! ”

AT SET OF SUN

THE sea has a million waves,
The lakelet, none ;
So my heart with anguish raves
At set of sun.

Life, like a river, flowed
Happy and free ;
Love on its torrent glowed
Brightly for thee.

Joy smiled a million ways,
Night has begun ;
Love perished with the rays
At set of sun.

LOVE'S AWAKENING

SOME of the languor of Italy's child,
Some of the warmth of the Orient's skies,
Some of the gleam of a tiger's wild
Has crept into my rose-bud's eyes.

Some of the shyness of a bird,
Some of the witchery of a maid ;
A softer tone in the turn of a word
From my Rose's lips, and all is said.

BEYOND OUR KEN

STARS and stars o'erlace the sky
And each to us a mystery.
We plume us in our earthly lore,
But know than tiny babes scarce more
Of that infinite, Godly dome
Where the bright stars find a home.

A FAREWELL

FAREWELL ! Mine eyes will follow thee
In mind across the restless sea.
Where'er my thoughts are, thou'l be there
In circles gay or hours of prayer ;
And if one jot of good I own,
If any seeds of might I 've sown,
Upon thy head the crown will lie,
Unless thy hand should pass it by.
Farewell ! Thy face is pictured here
Within my heart. Thy kind words, dear,
Re-echo throughout my life to bless
The future in its loneliness.
Let some thoughts upon me dwell ;
They 'll gratify, thou know'st well,
Their distant subject. Fare thee well !
And in thy heart contentment dwell.

A RIFT

WOULDST thou, then, my hand unclasp
While holding thine in gentle grasp ?
Wouldst thou have thy moments free
From companionship with me ?
My heart, indeed, is not a stone ;
Its tenderness is plainly shown —
Too plainly ! Once we saw the day
When all the world had to give away
Unto thy love — thy love for me !
'T is but a semblance now I see
Of what once was. Must I, too, fall
From our love's delightful, gracious thrall !

RESIGNATION

WHAT peaceful hours were once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

What now remains is vaster, far,
Than could be what we 've missed.
The rod was but a blessed bar
That must be humbly kissed.

THE ORGAN'S MESSAGE

THE organ recital was nearing its close,
And at the keys was one who, if he chose,
Could use the rare power of throwing a spell
Of mystic persuasion into the swell
And fall of the organ's message — that we
Should shape our lives for Eternity.
The organist drew forth sounds divine
As if in prayer at the Holy Shrine ;
The dusk of the hour lent its lofty aid
And a deeply religious impression made.
Stained glass windows — red, purple, blue —
Gave, by their warmth and richness of hue,
An added beauty, and fitting might
To the last adieu of the dying light.
Up to the dome the music soared,
And into our innermost senses poured
Like a deep, oily river of harmony,
Drawing us on to what we should be.
The chords grew softer, then whispering, ceased ;
The colors dimmed, the dark shadows increased !
The organ closed, vast silence reigned —
A soul has been lifted and peace regained !

REPOSE

WHAT is it to smile if tears are near ?
What is it to stem the tide of fear ?
What to trust with a mighty heart
Through distracted moments ? The life-taught art
Of self-control ! The death-taught art
Of repose !

BABY BOY

LITTLE hands with strengthening grip,
Great round eyes that shine ;
Tender feet that sometimes trip
Over shoes like mine.

Dainty, fluffy frocks and such,
Pure as a white rose ;
He cares not for laces much—
See that saucy nose !

Naught too good for thee, small man ;
My hope is this, my prayer
That your soul forever can
Spotless garments wear.

GREETINGS

LINGER here a short sweet hour
Ere time resumes its mighty sway,
And let me make a lily bower
Wherein we can in sweet peace stay.

Come yet again—ah, now you see
The rose of love is blooming low,
Then glances up in ecstasy—
Small wonder that it loves you so !

And now, once more, dear, turn this way ;
Look, I throw down for your feet
A ring of pansies here to-day,
Each one a thought both pure and sweet.

Smile, Love ! 'T is sweet to fill such nooks
With fairy wands and festoons rare ;
With music, pencilings and books
And violet crowns for you to wear.

A ZEPHYR

AH, SWEET is the will of the breeze !
O heart refreshed to the core,
List to the echo of love in the trees ;
Brave little Cupid awaits thee to please,
Faithful in love or in war !

TO A FRIEND

O GENTLE, kindly heart, must thou again
Bear such a load of agony and pain?
The last was that of heavy mental weight
And this the pain of flesh, is nigh as great.
How well I know the throbbing, sick'ning way
In which the pain keeps on through night and day.
How tenderly my heart goes out to thee
In this, thy hour of grief and agony.

AN ANGEL VOICE

AN ANGEL voice is falling
In accents sweet to hear ;
My soul aloud is calling,
Stay thou ever near.

An angel voice is soaring
High to realms above,
From whence to us is pouring
Down a flow of love.

LEONA

THE day is slowly dying
Into a balmy night,
The birds to rest are flying
As my love comes in sight.

The clover-blossoms, swaying,
Whisper words of cheer ;
They, with me, are praying
For my Leona dear.

Nature seems to praise her,
Coming o'er the lea,
And I, her chosen lover,
Know she comes to me.

The clover-blossoms hear me
Murmur soft and low :
“Le-o-na, I adore thee ;
No other loves thee so !”

LOVE BLOSSOMS

WHEN the summer was young in its sweetness,
When bright blossoms swayed on each tree,
Ere the fruit took its place in completeness,
Some blossoms of *love* grew for me.

I watched them with care almost tender,
Lest the wind should drive them afar ;
The sunshine kissed them in splendor
And nothing their beauty could mar.

They flourished in richest profusion
And glowed as they spread their perfume,
Then dropped. Not without some confusion
Did their fading proclaim our love's doom ?

No, dear heart ; fair fruit is now growing,
September is with us to-day,
And love, in its turn, is now showing
That its blossoms but paved a way.

JOY

LIGHT-WINGED companion linger yet awhile,
Teach saddened faces how again to smile ;
Show us a few roses, each bereft of thorn,
Come to us at eventide, come to those who mourn.
When the sun is hidden by shadows dark and deep
Help us search for sunshine, lest we sit and weep ;
Throw a rose-hued vapor over human strife,
Play a gladsome measure for the march of life.

CHORDS

MY LIFE is aglow with a new sense and light
Because of a glimpse of thy soul in its might.
As pure as a pearl dost thou stand, far above
Nearly all others — a life one might love.
A hand in my soul reaches out unto thee,
A voice therein cries in soft entreaty :
“ Give to me some of thy sweetest and best,
Let thy soul’s melody lull me to rest.”
Now but the minor is heard, for to-day
The major, when worked in, will finish the play
In a glorious, rapturous tumult of sound
In which heart, soul and senses abound.
A medley of heav’n-sent love-songs shall rise,
And each will find place in our souls ere it dies.
So, on through the ages we ’ll rove hand in hand,
To a myriad of melodies, lofty— yes, grand !

REVERIE

MY TENDERLY loved one, so pure and white,
Art thou thinking of me this lonely night?
Dost thou long to claim this poor caress
And return it in thy tenderness ?
Dost thou kiss me once in spirit now
As I smooth in fancy thy broad, low brow ?
Art thy curls, which twine about my heart
As they cluster aside from the snowy part,
Where the gold leaves abruptly the tender white
And meets the gaze of beholders quite
Unknown to thee — a halo divine ?
There do I kneel as does one at a shrine.
Darling, I bid thee good-night. Sleep well.
Thy thoughts thou mayst keep. Only God can tell
The beauty and worth of thy gentle soul.
Mortals like me from pole to pole
Might travel and find not one like thee,
So perfect in mind, heart and purity.
Once more, good-night ! God bless thee, dear,
And send His bright angels to hover anear !

THE LEGEND OF LAKE TOLEDO

LILY TIME

FULLY and most graciously did sunshine ever rest
Upon the glassy surface of Lake Toledo's breast ;
And softly there also oft' fell the summer rain
Gently to be welcomed— ne'er to leave again.
Seldom was the surface covered o'er with frost ;
Never was its loveliness for one moment lost.
Along its banks in splendor on a golden day
Stood the flowing wildweeds, hollyhocks and gay
Early summer blossoms, mingling their hue
With the sombre brushwood, lace-worked by the
dew.

Thus in rustic beauty stretched about a mile
Lake Toledo's waters — like a God-given smile.
Near its virgin boundaries scarce a mortal trod ;
Untouched were its beauties, unbroken its sod.
Grew the water-lilies unmolested quite,
Sunny-hearted lilies gleaming in the light.
This the spot where Rodman, son of Rodman Tyre,
Paused and stood still, gazing back on brush and
brier.
Through a very labyrinth had he found his way
To the dainty Eden on this August day.

He, the heir to woodlands for many miles about
Ne'er had seen their splendor, oft had felt a doubt
That he cared to visit land bereft of cheer,
But his love for Nature was awakened here.
With a dog and rifle, he, at rise of sun,
O'er his grounds had wandered, had his quest begun
For the wondrous lakelet, by gran'dames full a
score

Said to be unearthly. Nay, but they claimed more.
Heard he not their whispers, threw he them some
gold ;

Left them to their fancies with their tale untold.
Standing now, he murmured, "I shall build near by;
Clear a space for lawn-land with this lakelet nigh.
'T is a full fair distance from the village road,
And my stately bride-elect shall have a fit abode.
Comes she with the lustre of ancient name and
pride"—

Here he paused and whistled the hound unto his
side,
For, off upon the waters a form drew slowly near,
And Rodman stared in wonder at what did now
appear

To be a living person on a tiny raft afloat,
While else upon the water was neither sail nor boat.
On, nearer came the object; ashore the faithful
hound

Gave evidence of noting with many a yap and bound;

Strange it seemed to Rodman, the dog was all delight,

Clamoring most gladly as the raft came into sight.
Ah, 't was a beauteous vision that slowly drew anigh,—

As fair and dainty a maiden as ever heaved a sigh,—
For know ye not, kind hearer, that sighs ever await
Each sweet and gentle maiden as portions of her fate?

"Neptune; hi there, Neptune!" rang out in girlish tone,

And Rodman seized the canine that it might not alone

Claim the maiden's greeting, but with dog-like grace
Introduce the trespasser in this, her native place.

Yet with all care he could not silence Neptune's bliss;
The short, sudden bark rang out—nor did it ring amiss.

"Over there!" the maiden cried; "wait, I'll come to thee."

And there in silence Rodman mused, "She comes to me."

Then up against the flowery bank she ran the dainty craft,

And with one wrench and mighty spring Neptune was on the raft.

In frightened tone did Rodman cry, a tone almost pretense,

"Here, Neptune, here; down, I say, where is thy
dog sense?

Thy pardon, lady, do I now in humblest spirit
crave;

I fancy that my gunning dog imagined he must save
Thee from this peaceful water, in case that thou
shouldst fall."

Right gaily said the maiden — nor timidly at all,
"O pray sir, waive excuses for Neptune's good
intent;

Well I know his nature and what my dog-friend
meant."

Then leaped she, O so lightly, up unto the bank,
While Neptune moved caressingly, as if indeed to
thank

Her for her gracious coming, and pleading that she
stay

With mute but earnest longing in his glance and
way.

Gazed she then at Rodman, naught showed she of
art —

"Ownst thou my Neptune? Only then, in part,
He has known no will but mine for well-nigh a year.
Many are the meetings we have had just here."

"Happy dog," said Rodman, with a gentle smile.

"May not, then, his master linger here awhile?"

"Nay, in truth why ask *me*?" Then amazement
dire

Covered her fair features. "Art thou Rodman Tyre?"

"Yes, O sweetest maiden ; I am surely he.
Tell me now, in kindness, who it is I see
Honoring my woodland like a fairy sprite
Floating o'er the lakelet, lending it new light
With thy wondrous tresses shining like to gold ?
Answer, fairest maiden, or am I too bold ?"
"Then thou art the owner of my lakelet, too,
Where for hours I linger, having naught to do.
It has been my refuge, when in silent tears
I might oft have languished all these lonely years.
Well I love these waters,—they seem like home to
me,—

Finding on their surface sweet tranquility.
I know only old folks, sad and stern of will —
Here I have my freedom, tho' the place is still ;
E'en the silence whispers of all joy to be,
And the birds seem chirping wondrous tales to me."
Dreamy grew the maiden, Rodman gazed his fill,
Asked her no more questions, scarcely breathed until
Woke she from her day dream, then he murmured
low :

"Queen of Lake Toledo crown I thee, and so
Now I beg thee use thy sceptre and thy crown,
And in truest homage do I bow me down."
Frankly laughed the maiden, "Then there will be
peace,
And thou mayst know me by my name — Janice."
Scarce had eighteen summers passed her sunny head,
Gentle were her manners, gently was she bred ;

But her every gesture held an untrained charm —
Childlike was her freshness, unaware of harm.
As she rose to leave him, Rodman turned also —
“ May I not the legend of Lake Toledo know ? ”
Asked he in tone persuasive, and her flower-like face
Flushed with eager pleasure as she moved with grace.
“ ‘ T is a sad, sweet story, and almost too long
For our waning morning. I will sing the song
Taken from its meaning, then another time
Will I tell the legend of great love and crime.”
Then she sang quite softly in a girlish key,
Thus : — and all the birdlings chorused merrily.

“ ‘ Lake Toledo’s flowering shore,
Where grows the sweet wild rose,
Lonely is ; must always more
Be lonely as time goes.
A saddened maid with golden hair
Was with the lilies wed ;
Stifled they her wild despair
In their swaying bed.
Snowy white the lilies seemed,
Nor yellow hearts had they
‘Til her loosened tresses gleamed
O’er their hearts that day.
Died the gentle maid of old
On Lake Toledo’s breast,—
The lilies wear her tresses’ gold
Her purity attest.’ ”

As the last note died away Rodman smiled his praise,
And he begged a promise, ere they went their ways,
That Janice should come again to the lakelet's shore;
Tell to him the wondrous tale of the grandame's lore.
Many were the meetings, full many, too, the smiles,
Until rosy blushes burned to greet his wiles.
Rodman's voice was music, and with manly grace
Charmed he with his presence, to the maid, this
place.

Man of worldly pleasure, well he knew his art,
And without e'en trying gained he that pure heart.
Troubled were the fancies now within his brain ;
Wrestled he with memory, but it was in vain ;
Further e'er receded the thought of pomp and power
That came with his betrothed and her queenly dower.
Easily he 'd won her though many suitors thronged.
Remember or forget her, either way he wronged
Deeply a fair woman, one a damsel proud,
With coquettish graces handsomely endowed ;
Or a childlike maiden like a dainty flower
Found by fate awaiting first love's witching hour.
Could he break his promise ? Nay, nor yet increase
The danger of so doing by lingering near Janice.

GOLDEN-ROD TIME

When golden-rod was waving and cloudless was the
sky,
Sadder grew a lovely face as the days dragged by;

Lake Toledo murmured to the anguished moan
Of the lonely maiden — Rodman Tyre had flown.
Bowed he where, in satin worked with silver thread,
Stood his proud Normania, and her haughty head
With its raven tresses bent before his gaze —
Well did she know better than to blame his ways.
Not with frowns nor speeches did this wise coquette
Ask him where he 'd lingered, lest he should regret
The loss of some distraction prized by him afar —
This her time of triumph, she his leading star.
So with all the power of her dazzling smile
Did she from his musing mood his thoughts beguile ;
Spoke he of the mansion near the flowering lake,
Well was she contented there her home to make.
Thus the flow'rets faded on Lake Toledo's shore,
And the tardy winter with frost-work spread it o'er.
Anear the shining waters a stately mansion rose,
Throwing its vast shadows to where the brooklet
flows.
And when April hastened to bring her joys to earth,
When bursting leaflets clustered and Springtime had
her birth
A pair of dashing horses drew through the village
road
The stately mansion's mistress unto her new abode.
There upon the threshhold paused the beauteous
bride,
Then moved she like a princess — with Rodman at
her side.

LILY TIME

A graceful, slender figure crouched beneath the moon,
And a silvery voice was praying for death as for a
 boon ;
But the higher, better nature of Janice, pure and fair,
Prevailed ; in all the mad'ning throes of love's
 despair
Prayed she that all gladness should with him abide
Who had herself discarded when wooing his proud
 bride.
While angels wept with pity, gently crowning her
 above,
The tender girl rose calmly in the *chastity* of love.
Not for her was the fulfilment of Nature's leading
 law,—
She was abnegation's creature — one for reverential
 awe.
Up she stood, a wondrous radiance spreading from
 her chin to brow,
And that naught of envy should o'erpower her did
 she vow.
Came she now unto the lilies in the duskiness of
 night,
Faithful Neptune meeting her in a rapture of delight,
And he hovered near the maiden, knowing not her
 need of cheer—
So she sat beside the water, thinking none would
 wander near.

Music gay and merry laughter sometimes floated o'er
the lawn ;
Then the silent maid would shudder e'en as does a
frightened fawn.

GOLDEN-ROD TIME

When one eve beside the lakelet rested she without
the hound
Janice was most deeply startled by the very near-by
sound
Of voices — two in number — one a mellow, heavy
bass,
Answered by a woman's laughter, as, at quick and
hurried pace,
Two persons, richly clad, burst into her sight
Where she could not hope to pass them,— and in
this sorry plight
Janice paused. The lovers tarried, listened, stand-
ing still ;
When up they spoke — Janice hearing, much against
her will.
The woman — such a creature once seen is ne'er
forgot,
For such beauty could but rarely fall unto a woman's
lot.
Ah, too well knew the maiden that most regal face
and head,
'T was indeed the proud Normania — she whom
Rodman Tyre had wed !

A gallant stood beside her, a foreigner by look,
Seeking for a mossy seat in the silent, fragrant nook.
Swore he that he loved her well ; spoke she not a
word.

Marble-white she gazed ahead as his vows she heard.
Now the moon, released from cloud, shone without
alloy,

And her face became illumined with a sudden joy;
But beside the silent water, terror sank into her heart,
For she feared her ardent lover, and she failed to
play her part.

Now the hastening footsteps, coming fast and free,
Was the tread of Rodman, and most piercingly
Cried his bride, "Oh, Rodman, save me, if you can,
From these hideous waters and this frenzied man ! "

With a spring did Rodman through the bushes dash;
But that self-same instant saw a bullet crash
Through his noble forehead. Fell he on his side,
And his mean assassin hastened far to ride.

Stood the proud Normania as if turned to stone,
Moving not a muscle, making not a moan ;
From the thicket Janice gently drew anigh,
Gazed at Normania, then with a low cry
Bent o'er the body, kissed the white, dead face ;
Forgotten was injustice, the bride, the hour, the
place ;

'Till she was most rudely, with ungentle hand,
Thrust aside and threatened : "Girl, thou 'lt bear
the brand

Of being Rodman's murderer. Thus I 'll shield his
name,—

Covering up the scandal, for my name's the same.
I am, girl, the wedded wife of Rodman here.
Be thou his destroyer ! Though I greatly fear
From thy raving actions, maiden at his side,
That thou wouldest have willingly been his loving
bride."

Answered not sweet Janice. Madame moved away,
And when she reached the mansion her face was
ashen gray.

The search was unavailing for the one accused,
Though the family of Normania wealth and cunning
used.

Then came Rodman's cousin, next in line was he ;
Karl his name, his nature fine to a degree.
Pitied he the maiden who afar had flown
Without a fair trial ; of whose lot so lone
Heard he many rumors, heard he many a sigh
From the faithful township. Ere a month went by
Madame Tyre departed from the halls and towers
Of the stately mansion with its lawns and bowers.
Days of gloom were followed for the kindly Karl
By days of keen inquiry, smoothing out the snarl
Of the most mysterious flight of the fair Janice,
And as he paced his garden his wonder but increased.

LILY TIME

As once the twilight gathered its dusky mantle
'round,

"Karl of Tyre" was walking with his hunting hound
Neptune, whose late owner, Rodman, lay so still
In his grave off yonder on summit of the hill ;
Neptune, who had ever with loving, great brown eyes
Regarded the sweet Janice as his lady and his prize.
Now with his new owner the dog was most sedate,
Sharing all the rambles that Karl took oft and late.
On a balmy evening, 't was in bright July—
Since the tragic shooting some months had passed by—
Man and dog were walking near Toledo Lake.
Of a sudden Neptune's form commenced to shake,
And, with ghastly meaning, uttered he a howl
'Spite of Karl's upbraiding or his angry scowl.
Then the powerful creature dashed into the lake
And as with all fervor tried his way to make
To the swaying lilies — Karl with flying feet
Followed the embankment ; what a sight to greet !
His staring eyes protruded, for there upon a raft
Floating 'midst the lilies a maiden sat and *laughed*—
Laughed with that shrill horror that is bereft of
sense.

Came she there in madness ; wished not to go hence.
But when faithful Neptune reached his much-loved
maid

She gazed at him in rapture — burst into tirade :

Fondled she her comrade, bending o'er his head,
Then in clearest music she half sung, half said :

“ ‘ Lake Toledo’s flowering shore,
Where grows the sweet wild rose,
Lonely is ; must always more
Be lonely as time goes.
A saddened maid with golden hair
Was to the lilies wed,
Stifled they her wild despair —
Wild despair — wild de-spair ! ’ ”

As the sad cry issued from those cold, pale lips
A chill passed o'er the hearer from head to finger-tips,
And that dainty figure, arms outstretched, bent o'er
The darkly-rippling water and lily blooms galore ;
Faced she once the heavens, then without a sigh
Fell slowly backward, as if 't were sweet to die.
In that selfsame moment changéd was the scene,
For with a bark of anguish Neptune plunged between
The slender life of Janice and her endless rest —
'Midst the tangled lilies strove to do his best.
Then a ringing cry of cheer filled the darkening place,
And a willing, manly form swam towards a face
Which, like shining marble or a fallen star,
Gleamed among the lilies, while anear and far
O'er their snowy petals, twining here and there,
Were the pale-gold tendrils of her loosened hair.

With a mighty effort Karl the raft secured,
And the maid and Neptune soon were safely moored.
Karl the fainting maiden carried from the lake
To the stately mansion, there to undertake
Her resuscitation, with the help of one
Who ordered his good living — kind-hearted Mrs.
Dunn.

How that homely creature o'er the maiden cried,
Saying to the master : " O sir, had she died
I'd a been most wretched, and now, since she 's found,
Must I speak out truly, spread the news around ?
This sweet little maiden, known as fair Janice,
Could have died to-night, sir, in purity and peace.
Sir, her soul is whiter than even is her brow,
Tho' I said it never until you hear me now ;
For, thought I, the master lying cold and dead
Would not wish a whisper 'gainst the one *he wed*,—
Madame Tyre,— nor do I blame her even yet ;
Still, I can swear this maiden hath nothing to
regret."

Karl, who now stood gazing in pity most profound
Upon the form of Janice, with its scattered locks
around,

Heaved a sigh of pleasure. Feelings strange and new
Mingled with his planning what he had best do,
And his noble features lightened with a smile.
Said he : " Thank thee, madame ; care for her awhile,
Let her use this mansion as her very own.
Teach her smiles and laughter, not to weep alone.

I go hence this hour, and will learn the mode
Of my coasin's slaying near his own abode.
I will know the story of this maiden's flight ;
I will turn, in justice, her great wrong to right ;
Then will I come hither. Till I return
Guard yon tender maiden, that thou mayst earn
My high appreciation. Show her all esteem.”
Then bowed Madame lowly. “Ah, sir, it would seem
Thou nam'st a gentle duty, all honor here at ‘Tyre’
Shall be shown the gracious lady whose sufferings
were dire.”
“ Farewell,” said Karl softly, turning round to go.
Hark, was it only fancy that feebly said “ Ah, no ! ”

LILY TIME

When lily blooms were starting again to show in bud,
All glowing was the freshness, the lake was at its
flood ;
The clam'ring robin red-breasts, alert to food and
sound,
A fair and beauteous refuge anear the lakelet found.
At length unto the mansion rode its master proud ;
No gloom upon his countenance, his head erect, not
bowed.
Within his heart was singing a score of merry birds
And the softness of the Springtime was in his looks
and words.

Hasten now and list ye, what murmurs he so low ?
“ May all the richest blessings unto my darling flow.
My pure and perfect lily, so bent with sore distress,
Shall live to smile in radiance of love and tenderness.”
On rode the noble Karl through driveway newly
green,
And the shimmering moonbeams shyly glanced be-
tween
The bending boughs of sturdy trees that lined the
entrance lane.
But moonbeams are so silent and Karl, I grant, would
fain
Hear a cheery welcome, so hurried on his steed ;
That all was well, he hoped — and then his suit to
plead.
Clad in white within the hall stood the lily maid ;
Turneth she away in haste. What ! is she afraid ?
Strideth Karl onto her side : “ Maiden, is it thee
All rosy, smiling, dimpled, the maid once sad to see —
The lily maid whose waxen face was one to view
with dread,
Who rode I fast and rode I far to reach lest she be
dead ?
My dainty darling, see, I kneel before thy tender
grace.
If thou art cruel, lily maid, thou dost belie thy face ! ”
O shyly and so winsomely gazed she in his eyes,
That her own seemed superhuman, of a wondrous
size.

“ Dear one ”— she spoke softly ; her voice could almost seem
Alike the ripples from a leaf just fallen upon a stream—
“ Know I now that none like thee is left above the ground,
And that never maiden nobler man on earth hath found.
My sad love seemeth distant, and as if it could but be
A foreshadowing of this rapture, of this *glow* I feel for thee.”

When the lilies in the splendor of their white and golden pride
Lifted up their sunlit faces, Janice was a bride.
Well she loves the brushwood glist'ning with its dust of early dew,
And the morning glories clustering in their richest purple blue.
Unmolested are the lilies, gleaming their sweet lives away ;
Nature is their only mistress — here she reigns in beauteous sway.

FLORENCE

FLORENCE, Queen of the kingdom "Mind"
In Fancy's birthplace! Queen of Love,
 Of all Earth's joy—
Lift me with thy gracious, kind,
 And loving smile to heights above
 Things that annoy.

Lower now thy tend'rest voice
 To cadence fitted to our dreams—
 Our coupled hearts.
Bend thy golden head by choice
 And let me see thy sweet eye-beams
 From whence truth starts.

Say thou e'en so small a word,
 'T will find with me its place
 And there abide.
Not a leaf nor grass blade stirred,
 Not a zephyr raised thy lace
 When by my side

That I was not aware of, Florenchen,
 So fair the hour and sweet with thee anear,
 In reach of hand.
Depart so soon? Dost thou know then
 Thou 'st dropped the rose, once to thee dear,
 On the gray sand?

O FOLLOW ME

O FOR the sight of the rolling sea
As merrily
The waves agree
That joy is joy, and love and glee
Shall follow me.

There where the salty breezes blow,
The winter snow
Must melt and go.
The sun-kissed wavelets will it so,
For they the joy of love well know.

There o'er the glorious unrest
Of the grand old ocean's heaving breast,
All that 's best
Of things confessed
Comes to us by the seas' hehest.

AT SEVEN

MY LOVE comes to me at seven,
When the day and the evening meet ;
And there 's naught 'twixt this and heaven
That life holds, half so sweet.

"NOW THE DAY IS OVER"



By the sea I paused when the twilight
Was tenderly nearing the scene,
When transcendent thoughts, engrossing,
Placed 'twixt nature and soul a screen.

The sea made its evening endeavor
To deepen its richness of hue ;
From the sparkling rise of the water
The fall of it seemed the more blue.

As I rested, a change swept my musings —
A feeling of sanctity glowed
O'er my spirit. I gazed at the cloudlets —
Like aerial lakelets they flowed.

Anear me the scene was so silent
That the rhythmical sound of the sea
Seemed throbbing with prayer ; its motion
Was one with the longing in me.

Then I heard the tones of an organ
From the heart of a church nearby ;
'T was the even prayer. Hark, singing !
"Night is drawing nigh."

That tenderly-exquisite hymn-tune
Of eventide swelled on the air,
Till my life was engulfed, re-awakened,
As I paused on the soft sand there.

RHAPSODY

MY LOVE, these senses are rocked in bliss
And vibrate to thy gentle touch.
Part of a life was spent waiting for this—
All else seems little, this much.

See, I bend low to kiss thy sweet hand —
No, love, 't is not too low ;
For the finger-tips pressing mine form a band
For a bunch of heart blessings, you know.

Hush, darling ; a moment wait ; be still.
Let our old Father Time pass by
And catch us having our own sweet will
In Love's golden trance, you and I.

He 'll carry the memory, and carry it well,
But not, love, from you nor from me ;
For I know that in our minds it will dwell
In all time which is yet to be.

IMPROPTU

HAVE you seen a great star gleaming
Afar in the midnight sky
One night? Did the next, tho' fair seeming,
Feel dark with that star not nigh?

Have you lived in a dream of sunshine
And wakened to find it drear,
Your empty fingers to intertwine?
Did you note that downcoursing tear?

Can you feel these tumultuous heart-throbs?
Can you read the depths of a soul?
Will you help to lessen one life's sobs
And make it sweet and whole?

FAME

A MAID set out to climb the mount of fame.
Years passed — she reached the summit. Now her
name
Rings out with plaudits from the crowd below.
But there she stands in age's winter snow
Alone! Too tired to listen, or to smile, or hear.
What glistens on her face? A lonely tear.

ONE GRIEF

A SONG

ONLY one grief, but deeper
Than ever was grief before.
Only some tears, but tears, love,
Often have fallen of yore —
These but a few tears more.

Naught but a heart left bleeding,
Sadder than words can say ;
'T was but a word unspoken
Caused joy to die to-day —
To languish and fade away.

All of a life's deep glory
Banished. For all is o'er ;
Dark is the rosy pathway
Trodden in joy of yore —
Darkened forever more.

A YEAR AGO

A year ago, when the spring was young,
Ere the leaves took on their green,
I picked thee out the crowds among —
May naught e'er come between !
The months each grew more fragrant
With the flowers born of May ;
My heart became a vagrant
As 't was softly stolen away !
The flowers were fair that May
When my heart was stolen away !

My love with autumn did not pine,
For when the summer fled
The warmth of love, with its sunshine,
Filled the place instead !
And in the garden of my heart
There lives and blooms for thee
The rose of love, set off, apart,
In pride and purity !
The flowers were fair that May
When my heart was stolen away !

MRS. BROWNIE

BROWNIE has built a charming nest
In the old elm tree to-day,
And therein tucked his own heart's best —
Mrs. Brownie from over the way.

They are not stout brownies with great huge eyes,
Wearing slippers with long-curving toes ;
Their tiny feet would have a surprise,
For of slippers neither one knows.

Mr. Brownie is just a sparrow bird
With a warm little heart indeed,
And Mrs. Brownie, I 've often heard,
Does a happy and joyful life lead.

TEARS

WEEP, such tears are pure and holy ;
Sinking down in mossy sod
Toward a form now still and lowly,
Whence a soul has flown to God.

Weep, for tears are words for feeling.
Eyes will ache for want of sleep ;
Hearts, when sore, are slow of healing.
Blessed indeed are those who weep.

JANICE

O sweet Janice, canst thou be dead ?
Yes, still thy heart and calm instead
Of smiling lay those curvéd lips.
 Breath has flown !
Was the soul-light, then, in thy sweet eyes
A tender spark from other skies ?
That gentle touch of finger-tips
 A touch of Heaven's own ?
The others linger o'er thy name,
Or pause they uttering the same
E'en in hushéd tone.
But I stand gazing on thy brow,
Murmuring ever — always now,
 Eternally alone.
Janice ! sweet, sweet Janice !
My spirit-love — purity, peace !
 Janice ! Janice !

CLOUDS

WHEN the heavy clouds all bend
 Darkest overhead,
Then, indeed, does fate intend
 To send new light instead.

PURE JOY

THERE 's a trill of pure joy in the song of to-day,
Of the golden-winged bird as he sings his lay ;
And he glances aloft, perhaps to see
Where the home of so much sunshine can be.
Then down to the garden his glances stray
To gaze at the rose-buds. He thinks they will stay,
And does not know that on some fair eve
They will wither away ; nor does he believe
That hearts can be cruel, or thoughts unkind,—
Only love and joy can the sweet bird find.

FRIENDSHIP

WERE I lost in clouds of doubt,
Hazy dreams, or fear,
Thy sweet eyes could lead me out
With a glance or tear.

Were I lonely with my soul,
Engrosséd in a prayer,
I should not think it quite whole
Were thy name not there.

THY STAR A CROWN

A SOFT voice came to my soul to say :
“ Go forth in the world afar ;
Thou ’lt find pure joy upon the way
And high shall mount thy star.

Then to the lowly thou wilt bend
A hand with loving care,
And little children thou wilt send
To gather garlands fair.

Then turn their thoughts to heaven above
By teaching them to know
That o’er them reigns the God of Love,
Who yearns to love them so.

Later, when thy work ’s all o’er,
Thy star shall lead the way
Unto the widely-open door
Where angels fair will say :

‘ Thy star a shining crown shall be.
Listen that ye may know.
Here, above, were heard for thee
All prayers ye taught below.’ ”

HIS MEANING

'T WAS not the wish to disturb thee so
That prompted those letters of mine.

'T was merely the wondering whether or no
I might have in return some of thine.

'T was not the desire to tire thee out
That sent me to sit by thy side.

'T was only to kill the painful doubt
That thy fondness could not abide.

And the reason I looked into thine eyes
All too often was, sweet, to see
If some of the love that within me would rise,
Could not be transmitted to thee.

Thou failed to see the wherefore that I
Should linger. Thou bad'st me go;
But thou could not believe that the reason why
Was — because I loved thee so.

My letters, words and visits appear
To have worried thee, sweet, at last.
I wonder will thou e'er miss them, dear,
When they become things of the past.

THE WILD ROSE BLUSHES

EACH tiny grass-blade is waving about
In an ecstasy 'neath my eyes,
And the wild rose blushes without a doubt
With love and sweet surprise.
The clover is hanging its dainty head
All filled with a burden of dew,
And the wide-awake robin is watching instead
Of singing — while waiting for you.

The daisies which grew near the border tree
Faded away, you must know,
Longing to see your face so fair.
Ah, why did you grieve them so?
But now you are coming. Ring, lily bells !
To sadness and grief bid adieu.
Oh what joy in my yearning heart dwells,
As I listen and wait, love, for you !

HADST THOU BEEN THERE

THE skies were dark,
For the sandy shore
Was bereft of the mark
Of one step more.

The sea was rough,
So wild with despair,
And with reason enough —
Thou wert not near.

The skies would have smiled
In the sun's warm glare,
And the sea 'd have been mild
Hadst thou been there.

DISCONTENT

THE sky and ocean had never met —
They had much to conceal, much to regret ;
And with every heave the surging tide
Endeavored to reach the heavens so wide.
Why should the clouds so restless be ?
They tried to reach the far-distant sea.
Days dawned, then silently slipped away ;
The ocean moaned and slashed its spray.
The heavens smiled, then wept again
In discontent with earth and men ;
The waves caressed and begged the shore
To come and join them more and more ;
But on beyond, in mighty power,
God ruled the struggle hour by hour !

ULLABY

Why not sleep, my only one,
And see the dreamland bowers ;
The fairy dancing has begun —
'T will last all sleepy hours.
The tiny little bluebells
Are ringing out their tune,
While all about in dream-dells
The fairy flow'rets bloom.
La, la, la ! Fairies are calling thee low ;
La, la, la, la ! To Dreamland 't is
time to go.

Hush ! the birds are sleeping
In every downy nest ;
Mamma bird is keeping
Watch o'er her heart's best.
Never can her birds, dear,
To Fairy Islands fly ;
But mamma's darling, nestling here,
In dreams will pass them by.

RELINQUISHED

I saw him lift the tendrils of her softly-curling hair
And gaze into her witching face. I turned cold
with despair,
Then enraged enough was I to kill ; but all to what
avail ?
If I gave way to my anguish, or spoiled their lover's
tale,
'T would but forge the fetters stronger of faith and
constancy —
That love which, now another's, had once been sworn
for me.
Then a change came o'er my spirit. Two souls
beneath the sun
Have met to love each other. Could I, then, be the
one
To dampen that sweet ardor, encloud my darling's
brow,
When, loving so another, she ne'er could love me
now ?

A STRAWBERRY WISE

SHE lifted a ripened strawberry red
And I remarked on its crimson hue,
Standing with me near the strawberry bed,
With the guests of the lawn fête in view.

The great red berry was held by its stem
In her dainty white finger-tips,
But it fell by chance to her dress's hem,
On its way to her waiting lips.

And no other berry I found that day,
As I searched in the sun's hot glare,
Seemed as good as the one which rolled away
And lay in the dust over there.

Ah, strawberry wise, 't is easy to please,
Keeping far from reach but in sight.
Here I toil for a smile in my hours of ease
And gain not one half of your might.

SPRAY

A SEA-SPRAY called to the dawning day :
"Hurry and kiss ere I melt away" ;
And the dawn to old Sol beckoned in haste
Lest the sweet opportunity he should waste.

A shell nestled softly into the sand ;
A lovely girl passed with swaying hand ;
The shell was longing this owner to claim,
But was crushed by her tread as on she came.

Old Sol paused in his soft caress
To stare in surprise at such carelessness,
And the spray's brief happiness died at birth ;
But the girl was lost in a dream of mirth.

CHARM

A TINY violet swayed and bent
And smiled up at the sky ;
It freely gave its lovely scent
And softly wondered why
Mortals all, who passed that way,
Found in it such a charm,
And seldom let a violet stay
Where it was free from harm.

A little bird sang overhead
A gay and glad refrain —
The pretty leaves were turning red ;
The sun shone in the lane.
The little birdie's modesty
Was great ; he wondered why
The children paused beneath his tree
To gaze up at the sky.

INSPIRATION

THY voice holds in its magic
A wondrous swaying power,
More words of joy and tragic
Expression in one hour
Than volumes of sweet verses ;
Than wells of frozen tears ;
Than love, when it immerses
Our soul and calms our fears.

Thy voice enslaves my best dreams
And opens wide a door
Wherein sweet nature oft seems
To lock away a store
Of lovely fancies — music's dower —
Which to the scribe gives fame.
Thy songs are like unto that bower
The key-lock is — thy name.

Thy voice is, unto one mind,
A fount of endless thought,
An inspiration combined
With joy which ne'er is taught.
O let the word oft hear thee,
When, with an artistic choice,
The best in music nobly
Is sung by thy sweet voice.

Then let me like an echo
But word the world's applause ;
Not in the loud, but narrow,
Pathway of fashion's laws ;
But with a pen dipped gently
In music-love and praise ;
With a glow which, evidently,
Can reflect thy soul's own rays.

THE LEAVES TURN RED

THE leaves are all turning to red and gold ;
Methinks they are fair when aglow,
For my great love, which has ne'er been told,
Has colored my life just so.

A golden glimmer now touches all
My days with a sweet repose,
And a mystic vapor has chosen to fall
Like the scent of a fragrant rose.

I loved none yet when springtime came,
Save the sun and the flowers below ;
But now naught seems to be the same,
For my loved one adores me so.

A PRAYER

God bless you, dear one, as you sleep ;
Thy grave, sweet eyes must have their rest,
And o'er your slumbers, tranquil, deep,
May angels pause at my request.

God bless you, dear one, when you rise
To face the turmoil of each day,
And give to you the greatest prize
For which you long and strive and pray !

THE ROLLING SEA

THINK often of the rolling sea ;
How, in dusky starlight, we
Exchanged a thought ; its wondrous might
Made in our minds a wish for right —
Right in true affinity,
Right in all divinity.

Think often of the rolling sea,
And when so musing give to me
A fleeting thought, however dim,
And let it (like an echoing hymn
Refrain, from out your childhood's store
Of mem'ries) linger ; evermore.—

ART SUBJUGATED

WHAT was 't thou sang to me
As I against thy knee
Leaned, on the sandy beach
Just out of ocean's reach ?
Neptune's accompaniment
A strange enchantment lent
To that most beauteous sound,
Thy voice — so rich and round.
Wierd but bewitching hour !
Voice with its swaying power !
No need of lyre nor harp ;
No need of critic sharp.
Thine was an artist's name
Already known to fame ;
Yet in thee none could see
Aught but simplicity.
I there, in humble joy,
Scarce breathed, lest sigh annoy
Thy dreamy, tunesome mood
Gently by muses wooed.
Sing'st thou not alway ?
Never did audience gay
Hear just such tones. A part
Of thy sweet soul. Not art !
Or art quite subjugated
By Nature, soul-related.
Purity by thee enthroned,
Fitly thy voice entoned.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS

A BAND of silver lay over the tide,
And the lustre held such a spell
That I wished to have thee by my side
In the moonlight an hour to dwell.

I traveled the mystic, beauteous line,
In mind, o'er the sea's unrest,
And my hand instinctively felt for thine,
But it failed, dear heart, in its quest.

O'er the heaving ocean's silver track,
High there, on the smiling night,
We journeyed in spirit, then came back
With a deeper rev'rence and might.

The voyage was sweet, beyond compare,
And pure as the light on the sea,
While tho' afar, dear, thou lingered there
In high-souled commune, love, with me.

CONFIDENCES

THERE is something, O so sweet, to be told,
It rings on the summer air ;
All the tiny rose-buds cherish, enfold,
The secret I left in their care.

Each leaf on the topmost branches
Of four of our tallest trees
That blissful tale enhances,
As it whispers it to the breeze.

Not far away grow some lilies sweet ;
They gleam in their purity,
And just here, running at my feet,
The brook sings my secret to me.

But only to those who are silent and wise
Do I of my deep love tell ;
By the time the rose-buds open their eyes
Some one else may know it as well.

NONE BUT THE BIRDS

THE woodbine clambered o'er the fence ;
A maid stood by, all innocence.
A June sunbeam reaching through
The shade tree's boughs touched new
Her glossy hair. Ah, what thy blush ?
Listen, ye noisy birds ! Harken ! Hush !

“ Dear heart,” cries he.

“ Waiting for me ?

Then thou 'lt say

Yes, when I pray

Come to my heart

Never to part.”

September. The woodbine hangs its bloom ;
Sunbeams marvel at such gloom.
A chill little breeze which comes to say :
“ God speed ” to the lovers, moved away.
For the lad stands by the fence alone.
To God, in spirit, his bride had flown.

None but the birds

Hear his sad words.

“ Dearheart,” cries he,

“ Wait yet for me ;

I am coming above

To thee, my love ! ”

MY SWEETHEART

Nor all the gold of the daffodil,
Made glorious by Nature's skill,
Nor the mystic-scented coronet
Which sweetly crowns the violet,
Nor yet the fragrant heliotrope,
With its tiny flow'rets all aslope,
Could show you e'en the smallest part
Of the dainty charm of my sweetheart.
Should any on this earth despise
This loved one whom I idolize
I would his words and looks defy
And throw into his face the lie ;
Nor would I even once permit
That she should for his benefit
Smile and graciously forgive,
Nor even frown a negative.
My darling who, when boys molest
Some birdlings in their downy nest,
Grows tender with a woman's love
Lent to her by the hosts above,
Let Nature's song and mine combine
This dainty darling to enshrine
In each pure mind. Then there, apart,
Will reign in splendor my sweetheart.

A SCAR

AGE, with its creases, in passing by
Scattered a few for youth to try.
One fell on a soft and girlish face
And settled slowly into place.

I knew, without her telling me,
That the early little crease must be
Only the very smallest part
Of a heavy blow which bruised her heart.

SOME SOLACE SWEET CREATING

I THINK that heaven meant not so sad an ending
Unto my dream of loveliness and light,
Or else that cloud was lowered while intending
To lead my soul unto a higher flight.

Mayhap the years which pass will tell their story,
How better far it was for us to part,
And happiness in fuller, grander glory
Will fill each crevice of an aching heart.

But, ah, the sadness and the dreary waiting ;
The heartbeats each, dear one, a sob for thee !
Is time some gentle solace sweet creating,
Or will it lead thee back again to me ?

TENDERNESS

THERE are no words too sweet and kind,
 No songs too tender, deep,
To show the thoughts which fill my mind
 And penetrate my sleep.

Such words and songs are merely tone
 And poorly do their part
When they describe my love for you —
 A love which fills my heart.

Ah, darling, if you hear me tell
 Of this great love of mine,
And how my eyes with tears do swell
 While yours with light do shine !

I 'll bless thee for one single smile,
 Or for a pitying tear,
If thou 'lt but linger yet a while
 To listen and to hear.

HUMAN NATURE

[ONE SIDE]

THE crowd in waiting for a star
The sun forgot ;
Next day was rainy near and far,
The sun shone not.

Night fell ; neither star nor moon
The darkness cheered ;
Next day the glorious sun at noon
Again appeared.

The crowd, while basking in its rays,
Forgot 't was there,
Save to, in their several hundred ways,
Deplore the glare.

GUITAR SONG

NEARBY in silence is lying
My stringless, forlorn guitar,
And I think, not without sighing,
How like it our lives oft are ;
In the soul is many a sweet strain
Of harmony divine,
Which draws us heavenward again
Unto the holy shrine.

Life's noisy bells keep tolling ;
In the sound we soon forget
The softer tones and rolling
Vibrations of regret ;
But when forlorn our souls lie
Bereft, unstrung, alone,
An angel's hand just passing by
Fills the space with sweetest tone.

THE SCALES OF LIFE

WOULDST thou deny the rose's charm and mystic scent,
Its dainty hue,
Because a chance thorn your blundering finger rent,
And startled you ?

Would, unto thee, thy much-loved harp become
A senseless thing
Because thy hand had left it, made it dumb,
Bereft of string ?

Then would one fear to have thee hold
The scales of life,
Lest by some caprice odd and bold
Thou shouldst bring strife.

AN ANSWER TO "PARTING"

WHAT if, perchance, your parting were a vain
And needless manner of inflicting pain
Upon another and yourself as well ?
Mayhap that other time has chosen to tell
That in the sundering of those tender ties
Mistake was made — doleful error lies ?
What if, thus, with active, clamoring pen,
That other's sorrow should be known by men ?
Deep rivers, like deep sorrows, true are still ;
They hide as well some hideous crimes until
The Judgment Day. Will hidden troubles ride
In moody silence next to false self-pride ?
From speaking lips and loving hearts one knows
Much foolishness, yet much candor flows ;
But sorrows, such as mourning o'er our dead,
Need little showing, they are hallowéd.
Our living griefs, like your well-quoted wine,
Should ever with a mellow lustre shine.
If right should rule your coming e'er together,
Dare not to judge of anguish in another !

OUR TREE

I sot me down near the Christmas tree
And look at each gleaming bough,
Wondering if, as grown children, we
Are not pleased with tinsel e'en now.
There are gay glass balls, crimson and gold,
Representing our bubble-like schemes ;
There are brownies, too, and fairies of old,
Like the phantoms of our day-dreams.
I see bunches of cotton, looking like snow,
Here and there on the sombre, dark green ;
A sham which the branches seem to know
As they peep from their glittering screen.
Impossible birds, yet pretty withal,
On twigs are perched by some wire,
While from bottom to top the tree so tall
Holds false fruit, flowers and entire
Chains of gilded and silvered stuff
To challenge the eyes of our boy,
While his rosy face is beaming enough
To reflect in my own some real joy.

LILY BELL CHIMES

HAST thou ever chanced to dwell
Near a dainty lily bell
Which, with myriads of its kind,
One can in the shadows find
Ringing out in silent night
Tiny tunes with all its might ?
Sunday eve these flow'rets preach
Whispered sermons — out of reach
Of hearing ! They are only heard
By each other, or a bird.
When the day breaks, lily bell,
Pure and pale, throws off the spell
Of the silent, dew-clad night.
Fair, so sweet, and snowy white,
Dainty lily smiles about
While its matin chimes ring out.

EDNA

EDNA, the flowerets open their eyes
To gaze at your beauty glowing,
And flowers are wise.
Edna, the roses smile up in your face
And fancy for you are they growing,
To pin in your lace.

Edna, the squirrel 'neath yonder tree,
Trusting your gentleness, willed to stay
With you and me ;
So I, too, am gentle perhaps, my sweet.
Will you be good to me when I pray
That our lives may meet ?

APRIL DAYS

ALL nature seems a-budding
Reply to God's command,
And the tiny flowers are studding
The newly green-draped land.
A deep and grave emotion
Sweeps o'er me like the tide
Of the restless, heaving ocean,
And heaven seems opened wide.

The earth is all transcendent
With lovely, fragrant things ;
Each star there hanging pendant
A loving message brings.
Ah, may this reverent feeling
Come to each one and last,
A newer life revealing
Ere it sinks into the past.

MEMORY'S SEA

IS THERE at your back, as you stand on the strand,
An ocean of memory which leaves on the sand
Small bits of blackened and shipwrecked joy ?
Have these yet power to grieve or annoy ?

Turn ! Look out on this sea of the past
At the beautiful vessel with glistening mast ;
How it braved the storm, pure, pearly white ;
It was freighted with love, but sank out of sight.

There in its wake comes the battleship "Hope" ;
Through storm and 'mid demons its way it must
gropé.

And off in yon distance, high in the air,
Floats the black but majestic old cruiser "Despair."

Pause yet awhile till they all pass us by,
Then gaze again, nay not with a sigh —
See, a God-given sunbeam has found release
And shows through the darkness the steamer called
"Peace."

A LOST IDEAL

DEAREST, I see your rebellious curls
In memory's mirror to-day ;
They are golden brown — more than one twirls
From the care-taking hair-pin away.

Dearest, I see your hazel-gray eyes ;
They show a glimpse of your soul,
Which is as pure as your brain is wise —
The two make an ideal whole.

Dearest, I hear your soft, low voice,
As it crept into my heart,
And wonder why fate made so harsh a choice
When it willed that we should part.

DAFFODIL

YELLOW, golden daffodil,
Say you that the world is cold,
Think you that mankind is bold —
Earth a desert still ?

Smiling, joyous daffodil,
Say you that the sky's dark cloud
Wills your dainty head be bowed —
Shall you do its will ?

No, bright, golden daffodil,
Gleam and laugh ; make light the day,
Let the clouds with mortals stay —
Sunshine 's with you still.

DREAMS

O come into my realm of flowers
Whose every petal grew for thee,
And let it be a bower of ours ;
A rosy crown for you and me.
My troubled heart cries out for peace ;
Nights are sad and days are long ;
Graveness now demands release ;
Gladness would break into song.

O come into my realm of dreams
With Nature's real and living grace.
To my thinking nothing seems
Half so heavenly as thy face.
Dreams are misty joys and fine —
Lead one in a blissful maze ;
But to have thee, heart divine
Is my dream of dreams, always.

COMPANIONSHIP

SWEET are the words, in gentle tone,
Of the one in whose face I often look,
As we sit together at eve alone ;
Or read in turn the self-same book,
Some romance, perhaps, of olden time,
Some quaint tale, or some sweet rhyme.

MY SWEET

Flowers and candies and jewels galore,
Fit for a queen, for the one I adore !
A wand of rose leaves she charmingly wields,
But her red lips for kisses she scarce ever yields.
A flow of sharp wit she has, besides brain,
And no man comes near who is n't her swain.
Yet she has no smallest idea of her power,
Nor how we are favored by ent'ring her bower.
I gaze at the buckle that shines on her shoe
And guiltily wonder whate'er I would do
If she should detect me adoring her so.
I know not indeed if 't would please her or no.
American Beauties I throw at her feet ;
Even they are not lovely enough for my sweet.

LINES

SOME brood o'er grief, others make moan ;
'T is a matter of temperament; each has his own ;
But none has the merest idea of power
That a grief or a joy can exert in an hour
O'er the life of another—to make or to mar.
He who seeks peace, in spite of the scar
Of broken relations, is e'er in the right ;
For why live in darkness when one can have light ?

NOT FORGOTTEN

How can I keep on so,
Wringing my heart with woe,
 Ne'er to be free ?
Then would my eyes grow dim,
All joy and strength and vim
 Starve, and for thee !

Yes, thou hast turned from me
With scarce excuse or plea,
 Not e'en a word
From those cold lips of thine,
Nor didst thou write a line.—
 Friendship interred.

I ope'd my heart to thee,
That thou mightst therein see
 Every fond thought.
Thou my poor efforts praised,
Which to please thee were raised —
 Then set at naught.

May be sometime e'en thou
Thy fond, fair face will bow
 In pain of loss
Of those to thee most dear.
Ah ! then thou 'lt find, I fear,
 Pride were but dross.

Heaven grant, ere then, my sweet,
Thou mayst a warm friend meet
To act my part.
Yet though I 'll not be there
Part of thy grief to bear,
Warm is my heart.

SAUCY RED ROBIN

THERE 's a merry red robin outside in the tree ;
He is pertly looking straight down at me.
Mayhap a secret is wrapped in his song :
“ Wait not too late, wait not too long.”

Last night I was cruel out by the gate,
Said to a tale of love that I should wait
Some years, then marry. Was that wrong ?
“ Wait not too late, wait not too long.”

How know I thy meaning, robin so red ?
Does the love in my heart, then, urge me to wed ?
Saucy red robin, fly off with thy song :
“ Wait not too late, wait not too long.”

THE DAISY DELL

Down in the daisy-covered dell
They stood, and the birds all chirped, ““T is well,”
While the rippling water seemed to say :
“They are young, they are lovers, I 'll run away.”
A bright little zephyr that came amiss
Tried to share in their lover's kiss.

Down in the dell
Where daisies dwell.
“Oh, what bliss,
Sweetheart, is this !
Do not depart,
Love of my heart,
For I live for thee,
My love,” cried he.

Down on the daisy-covered ground
He kneels beside a mossy mound,
And the wind moans weirdly 'midst the trees,
Where, only a month, the breeze
Had playfully, on a day like this,
Tried to share in that lover's kiss.

Little brook, stay,
Nor run away !
Hush, merry birds ;
Not chirps nor words
Can still his moan
As he stands alone
By the new-laid sod
With his dead — and God !

IN SOLITUDE

SHALL I try to place on canvas
Such a scene as thou wilt prize?
Shall I write in glowing words, love,
Rhapsodies to meet thine eyes?

Shall I play in dulce measure
Lullabies unto thy soul;
Or invoke the aid of sirens
That thy love might find its goal?

Draw thee near with powers fleeting,
Magic sweetness not thine own?
No; not while this heart is beating
With a love that builds thy throne.

Mayhap quiet is my greeting,
Even strained may be my tone,
But I live again the meeting
In fair thoughts when quite alone.

In thy absence crave I no one;
Solitude is peopled well
With a multitude of fancies —
Each a dream of thee could tell.

Prisoner thine, my thoughts indeed are,
Bound in slavery so proud
That the chains seem rose-hued vapor
With the strength of love endowed.

AGE'S SNOW

HANDS, once most eager, lay aside ;
Now age's snow-storm falls—
Brilliant fancies cease to ride
Along the sombre halls.
Repose is now the heart's high aim ;
Let twilight gently come
Into the day. Oh, but to claim
Sweet rest ! This voice is dumb !
Varied mem'ries hover near ;
What was, not what is now,
Engulfs the mind ; but naught of fear
E'er settles on this aged brow.

The past, that great kaleidoscope,
'Midst wingéd joys and fairy meads,
Where grew the brilliant bud of hope ;
And romance, born by fiery steeds,
Passed by with dash and cheer.
Once more to view them, one by one ;
'T is well to look and hear,
Standing thus at set of sun
With ne'er a thought of fear,
The dream dies out, hurries past.
The snowy road, as yet untrod,
Is short, and leads at last
To sweet repose and rest — and God !

ONE NOOK

Just a scene of fragrant verdure,
Elsewhere unsurpassed in charm,
Where, unworn, unspoilt by handwork,
Nature reigns without alarm.
There a graceful, rapid river
Passes calmly hill and weir,
While its glancing, placid waters
Bear no burdens, none need fear.

Leafy bowers tone down the radiance
Of the sunshine, and some fern
Flourish in a vast green arbor.
Ah, the birds are quick to learn
Where the green is e'er the greenest,
And they chirp a greeting shrill
To things living, best or meanest,
Slothful worm or whip-poor-will !

See the fox from thicket peering
And the saucy squirrel aswing ;
Boldly in his freedom fearing
Naught — he feels a very king !
What a world of wonders quicken,
Till they part and fade away
In the sunny, sleepy bosom
Of the scene recalled to-day.

DISILLUSIONED

MARGERY spies a great crimson rose
And pulls it down to her pretty nose ;
A sharp cry rings out on the sunny morn —
Her fingers are pierced by an angry thorn.

But she, entranced by the lovely bloom,
Tries to pluck it to take it to her room ;
Places her fingers with utmost care,
Lest the thorns again her soft flesh tear.

She bends the flower to break it free,
But finds on its petals a bumble-bee.
Determined, she comes for the sweet rose later,
Only to find her troubles the greater ;
For the rose's heart had been eaten away
By a canker-worm on that fair day.

THE DYING DAY

BATHED in the light from my casement
 Stands the harp with its golden strings.
As I play, I find perfect effacement
 From all gross and earthly things.
I follow the soothing onflow
 Of sound almost sublime,
And feel a soft and gentle glow
 Which my soul seeks many a time.

Then just as the last tone ceases,
 So the light of the dying day
Fades out ; the dusk increases
 Like a sorrow which comes to stay ;
But the harp, as it is bidden
 By my hands, banishes care
With its gentle tones and hidden
 Rejoicing, peace and prayer.

6737

A TENDER HAND

THERE is a hand, a dainty hand,
That plays no trifling part ;
'T is not unlike a strengthening band
Secured around my heart.
It wipes away the tears of pain
And gives a warmth divine ;
It clamors not for praise nor gain,
This hand which oft holds mine.

O dainty, sweetly-perfect charm
That lingers in its touch ;
O faint my heart is with alarm
Lest I not answer such
Endearing, tender, soft caress
With like sustaining power !
I tear my soul that tenderness
May gleam forth for an hour.

THE MASK

BRING the powder and the mask,
They will nothing further ask.
See the glittering, smiling grace,
Where masks all—each glowing face.
Yonder dainty maiden there,
With the curling, gold-brown hair,
Finds the moments gliding by
Empty—with her swain not nigh.
Yet she laughs—such is her training—
While her joy in life is waning.
Look across the crowded room ;
There, where the azaleas bloom,
Stands the brilliant wife of one
Bankrupt, ruined ere rise of sun ;
Yet she stands in graceful ease,
Tho' the morrow's fall she sees.
Oh, bring the mask and powder nigh !
Sing a song—to hide a cry.

ECHOES

A SONG

HARK to the shrill, sweet echo
That rings from the hills afar,
Long for a tender handclasp,
Gaze at the evening star—
Love, dear, is where you are.

Lift to mine own those dear eyes,
Softly entone my name,
Ne'er let us mind the echoes
Saying it o'er the same—
That is the way joy came.

Heart once so sad with yearning
Now is with warmth aglow.
Raise but once more thy glance, sweet ;
Answer me soft and low,—
But joyful is the echo.

JACK'S WIFE

THIS is the house that Jack built.
This is the cage he placed Evelyn in,
With pots and pans, kettles and tin.
This is the house that Jack built.

This is the maidén who married.
This is the maiden who married a man
Who plays a nice tune with tomato can.
This is the maiden who married.

This is the kitchen she stays in.
Her once white hands are seamed with toil—
The coal to bring up, the potatoes to boil.
This is the kitchen she stays in.

This is the cat who lives there,
The hungry cat who lies in the way
And looks about in wild-eyed dismay
At a delicate creature working all day.
This is the cat who lives there.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR

Now daylight wanes and dusky night
Unfolds its wings to shadow all ;
But evening yields to my delight
Whate'er befall — whate'er befall.
Ah, better far than sun's best ray
Is twilight which will bring thee here !
My midnight is the world's fair day —
My sunshine glows when thou art near !

My heart cries out for thy sweet face —
'T is weary waiting long for thee
To come and gladden this poor place
Which, tho' so fair, is dark to me.
Thine eyes will teach me fullest joy ;
Thy voice enrich the silence drear
With sweetness such as ne'er can cloy,
When thou art near, when thou art near.

A GLANCE

SONG

SUCH a glance, such a gleam from those beauteous
eyes

As I saw on that fair day !

'T was a look, swift and fleet, full of glad surprise,
Leaving naught for tongue to say.

Then a soft little hand in this one of mine
Nestled down, but was withdrawn.

Ah, I 'll ne'er forget that dear glance of thine
In the moonlight on the lawn !

The years followed when lone and lorn I stood
Until we met again,

And of all life's ill nothing seemed fair or good,
And hope was on the wane.

Then my heart gave a bound of great bliss and pride,
When I once more saw thy face

And stood welcomed back unto thy side,
Where my heart had found its place.

ADIEU, LAST STAR

THERE are only eleven daisies in sight —
 There were hundreds all abloom that night.
When we came to gather them he said :
 “ I love thee dearest, wilt thou wed ? ”

There are only two stars shining above —
 There were many the night we spoke of love.
But why should the stars shine overhead —
 Are they needed to show that love is dead ?

A storm now rages — the wind moans so,
 Like pain in a heart that yields to woe.
Only scattered leaves now, the daisies are,
 And clouds hang darkly. Adieu, last star !

OVERLOOKED

THE brook ran softly, cool and clear ;
The day was warm ;
A thirsty traveler riding near
Prayed for a storm.

A fragrant bank of violets grew
Anear a maid
Who had, in searching, found but two
And felt dismayed.

A life was counting out its years
For some one's sake ;
That other, scorning love and fears,
The thread did break.

A SHIELD

INDIFFERENCE? Well, then, call it so.
Enough for me that you do not know
That this shield for my love serves so well,
That my eyes do not their poor story tell
Of love. O, yes, 't is indifference, you say,
That lives in my words and manner to-day—
This of all days. Oh, brain, keep up your pace !
One mad moment, a change in my face,
And the work of months in self-control
Away like a cloud or a mist would roll.
Ah, why is it one's lips grow white
And a veil-like vapor benumbs the sight
At times like this? Oh, merciless day !
Can the sun shine on midst such dismay?
Now, one great effort, a calm, cold tone,
A steady glance. Cease, heart, to moan,
Love must be banished, it can not stay—
Stony indifference reigns from to-day.

SHALL WE

JOKER? It is jolly and friendly
And causes many a laugh ;
But a joke will end
When the heart of a friend
Is hurt by the thoughtless chaff.

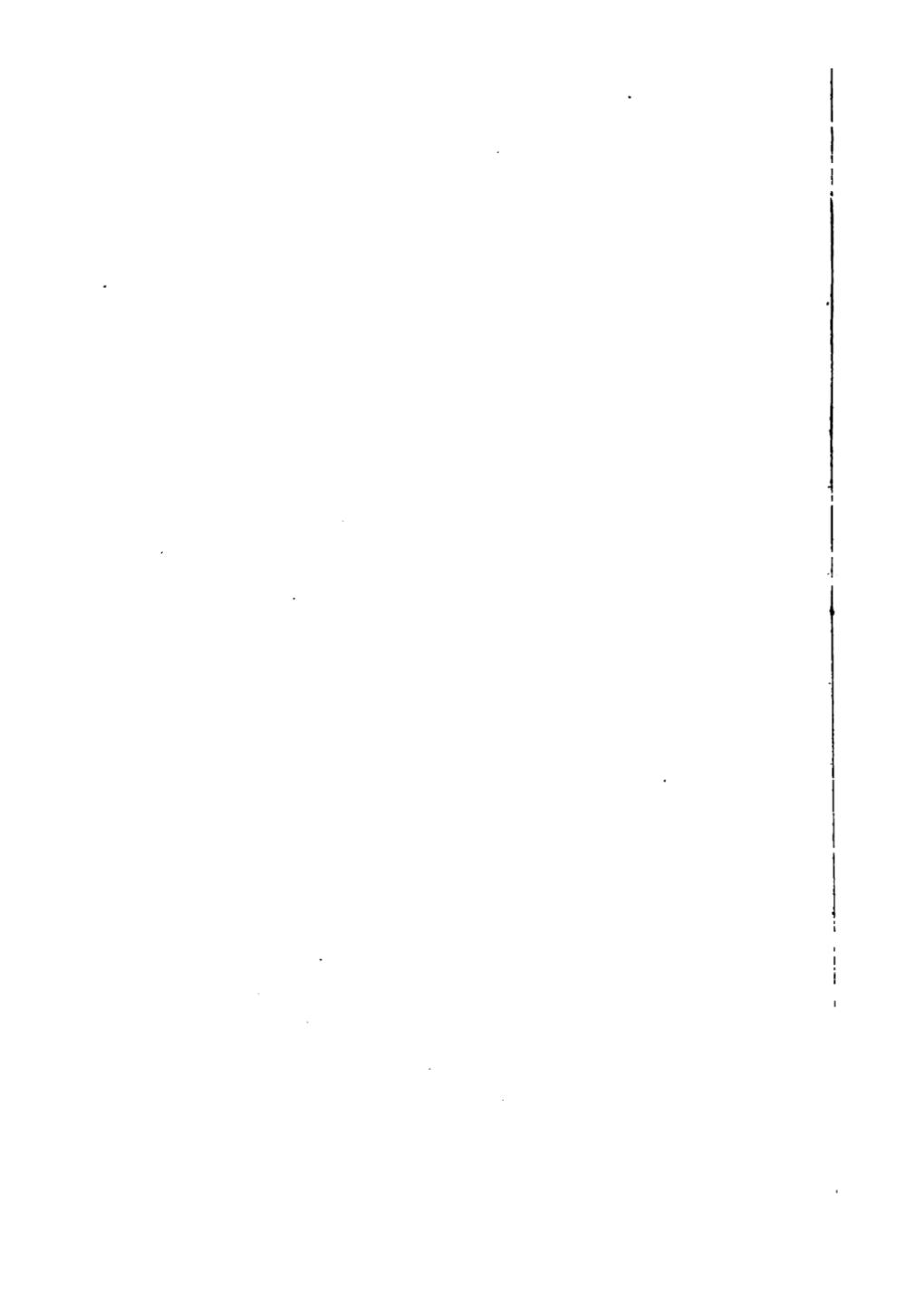
Tease? It is but a pastime
And seldom draws a frown ;
But tease no more
If feelings are sore,
Nor laugh at a heart cast down.

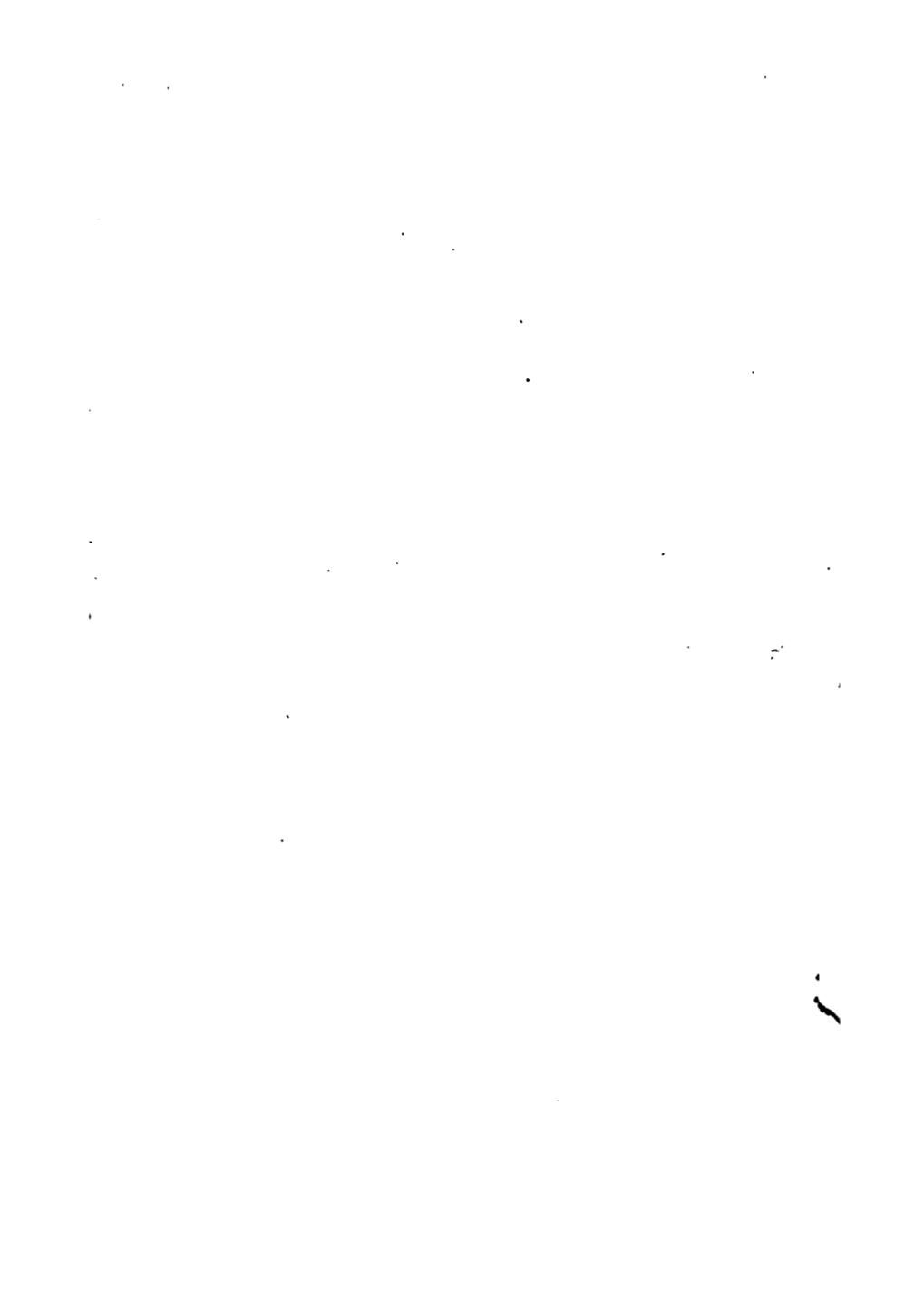
Smile? It is bonny and winsome,
Like the sunshine's brightest ray.
Then pause if grief
Requires relief ;
You can smile another day.

TO A FRIEND

Dear Major :

A SONNET I did threaten unto thee
And such, in truth, the following shall be :
I, knowing little, can not fully tell
What lofty thoughts do often rise and swell
Within thy mind. For there a mighty store
Of science dwells, sacred and classic lore,
Artistic worth, and practical good sense ;
Linguistic knowledge, perfect innocence
Of aught unworthy, mean, dull or small,
Lives in thy brain. Nor is this nearly all.
Mayhap at times, say days or weeks apart,
Thou giv'st a fleeting thought unto the heart
Of this, thy friend, who, whatsoever doing,
Is then and ever thine.









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